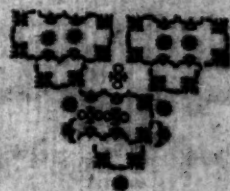


THE
DEMAGOGUE.

By THEOPHILUS THORN, Esq;



L O N D O N :

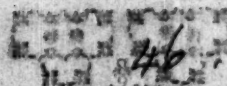
Printed for G. ROBINSON and J. ROBERTS, at Addison's Head in Pater-noster-row.

M DCC LXVI.

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LONDON:



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MCCCLXVI.



THE

DEMAGOGUE.

BOLD is th' attempt, in these licentious times,
 When with such towering strides sedition climbs,
 With sense or satire to confront her power,
 And charge her in the great decisive hour:
 Bold is the man, who, on her conquering day,
 Stands in the pass of fate to bar her way:
 Whose heart, by frowning arrogance unaw'd,
 Or the deep-lurking snares of specious fraud,
 The threats of giant-faction can deride,
 And stem, with stubborn arm, her roaring tide:
 For him unnumber'd brooding ills await,
 Scorn, malice, insolence, reproach, and hate:
 At him, who dares this legion to defy,
 A thousand mortal shafts in secret fly:

B

Revenge,

Revenge, exulting with malignant joy,

Pursues th' incautious victim to destroy :

And slander strives, with unrelenting aim,

To spit her blasting venom on his name :

Around him faction's harpies flap their wings,

And rhiming vermin dart their feeble stings :

In vain the wretch retreats while, in full cry,

Fierce on his throat the hungry blood-hounds fly.

Inclos'd with perils thus the conscious muse,

Alarm'd, tho' undismay'd, her danger views.

Nor shall unmanly terror now controul

The strong resentment struggling in her soul :

While indignation, with resistless strain,

Pours her full deluge thro' each swelling vein.

By the vile fear that chills the coward-breast,

By sordid caution is her voice suppress'd,

While arrogance, with big theatric rage,

Audacious struts on power's imperial stage ?

While o'er our country, at her dread command,

Black discord screaming shakes her fatal brand ?

While,

THE DEMAGOGUE.

3

While, in defiance of maternal laws,
 The sacrilegious sword rebellion draws;
 Shall she at this important hour retire,
 And quench in Lethæ's wave her genuine fire?
 Honour forbid! she fears no threatening foe,
 When conscious justice bids her bosom glow:
 And, while *she* kindles the reluctant flame,
 Let not the prudent voice of friendship blame!
 She feels the sting of keen resentment goad,
 Tho' guileless yet of satire's thorny road.
 Let other Quixotes, frantic with renown,
 Plant on their brows a tawdry paper crown,
 While fools adore, and vassal-bards obey,
 Let the great monarch-als thro' Gotham bray!
 Our poet brandishes no mimic sword,
 To rule a realm of dunces self-explor'd:
 No bleeding victims curse his iron sway,
 Nor murder'd reputation marks his way.
 True to herself, unarm'd, the fearless muse
 Thro' reason's path her steady course pursues:

True

THE DEMAGOGUE.

True to herself advances, undeter'd
By the rude clamours of the savage herd;
As some bold surgeon, with inserted steel,
Probes deep the putrid sore, intent to heal;
So the rank ulcers that our PATRIOT load,
Shall she with caustic's healing fires corrode.

YET ere from patient slumber satire wakes,
And brandishes th' avenging scourge of snakes;
Yet ere her eyes, with lightning's vivid rays,
The dark recesses of his heart display;
Let candour own th' undaunted pilot's power,
Felt in severest danger's trying hour!
Let truth consenting with the trump of fame,
His glory, in auspicious strains, proclaim!
He bade the tempest of the battle roar,
That thunder'd o'er the deep from shore to shore.
How oft, amid the horrors of the war,
Chain'd to the bloody wheels of danger's car,
How oft my bosom at thy name has glow'd,
And from my beating heart applause bestow'd!

Applause, that, genuine as the blush of youth,
 Unknown to guile, was sanctify'd by truth!
 How oft I blest the Patriot's honest rage,
 That greatly dar'd to lash the guilty age;
 That, rapt with zeal, pathetic, bold, and strong,
 Roll'd the full tide of eloquence along;
 That power's big torrent brav'd with manly pride,
 And all corruption's venal arts defy'd!
 When from afar those penetrating eyes
 Beheld each secret hostile scheme arise;
 Watch'd every motion of the faithless foe,
 Each plot o'return'd, and baffled every blow:
 A fond enthusiast, kindling at thy name,
 I glow'd in secret with congenial flame;
 While my young bosom, to deceit unknown,
 Believ'd all real virtue thine alone.

Such then he seem'd, and such indeed might be,
 If truth with error ever could agree!
 Sure satire never with a fairer hand
 Portray'd the object she design'd to brand.

Alas! that virtue should so soon decay,
 And faction's wild applause thy heart betray!
 The muse with secret sympathy relents,
 And human failings, as a friend, laments:
 But when those dangerous errors, big with fate,
 Spread discord and distraction thro' the state,
 Reason should then exert her utmost power
 To guard our passions in that fatal hour.

THERE was a time, ere yet his conscious heart
 Durst from the hardy path of truth depart,
 While yet with generous sentiment it glow'd,
 A stranger to corruption's slippery road;
 There was a time our Patriot durst avow
 Those honest maxims he despises now.
 How did he then his country's wounds bewail,
 And at th' insatiate German vulture rail!
 Whose cruel talons Albion's entrails tore,
 Whose hungry maw was glutted with her gore!
 The mists of error, that in darkness held
 Our reason, like the sun, his voice dispel'd.

And

And lo! exhausted, with no power to save,
 We view Britannia panting on the wave;
 Hung round her neck, a millstone's ponderous weight
 Drags down the struggling victim to her fate!
 While horror at the thought our bosom feels,
 We bless the man this horror who reveals.

But what alarming thoughts the heart amaze,
 When on this Janus' other face we gaze,
 For lo! possessor of power's imperial reins,
 Our chief those visionary ills disdains!
 Alas! how soon the steddied PATRIOT turns!
 In vain this change astonish'd England mourns!
 Her vital blood, that pour'd from every vein,
 So late, to fill th' accurs'd Westphalian drain,
 Then ceas'd to flow; the vulture now no more
 With unrelenting rage her bowels tore.
 His magic rod transforms the bird of prey!
 The millstone feels the touch, and melts away!
 And, strange to tell, still stranger to believe,
 What eyes ne'er saw, and heart could ne'er conceive,

At

At once transplanted by the forcerer's wand,
 Columbian hills in distant Austria stand!
 America, with pangs before unknown,
 Now with Westphalia utters groan for groan:
 By sympathy she severs with her fires,
 Burns as she burns, and as she dies expires.

FROM maxims long adopted thus he flew,
 For ever changing, yet for ever true:
 Sworn with success, and with applause inflam'd,
 He scorn'd all caution, all advice disclaim'd;
 Arm'd with war's thunder, he embrac'd no more
 Those patriot-principles maintain'd before
 Perverse, inconstant, obstinate, and proud,
 Drunk with ambition, turbulent and loud,
 He wrecks us headlong on that dreadful strand
 He once devoted all his powers to brand

OUR hapless country views, with weeping eyes,
 On every side o'erwhelming horrors rise;
 Drain'd of her wealth, exhausted of her power,
 And agoniz'd as in the mortal hour;

Her armies wasted with incessant toils,
 Or doom'd to perish in contagious soils,
 To guard some needy royal plunderer's throne,
 And sent to fall in battles not their own.
 Th' enormous debt at home, the long overcharg'd,
 With grievous burdens annually enlarg'd:
 Crush'd with increasing taxes to the ground,
 That suck like vampires every bleeding wound:
 Ground with severe distress th' industrious poor,
 Driven by the ruthless landlord to the door.

WHILE thus our land her hapless fate bemoans,
 In secret, and with inward sorrow groans,
 Tho' deck'd with tinsel trophies of renown,
 All gash'd with sores, with anguish bending down,
 Can yet some impious parricide appear,
 Who strives to make this anguish more severe:
 Can one exist, so much his country's foe,
 To bid her wounds with fresh effusion flow?

THERE can; to him in vain she lifts her eyes,
 His soul relentless hears her piercing sighs.

Shameless of front, impatient of controul,
 He spurs her onward to destruction's goal;
 Nor yet content, on curst Westphalia's shore,
 With mad profusion to exhaust her store,
 Still peace his pompous fulminations brand,
 As pirates tremble at the sight of land:
 Still to new wars the public eye he turns;
 Defies all peril, and at reason spurns;
 Till prest with danger, by distress assail'd,
 That baffled courage, and o'er skill prevail'd:
 'Till foundering in the storm himself had brew'd,
 He strives at last its horrors to elude,
 Some wretched shift must still protect his name;
 And to the guiltless head transfer his shame:
 Then, hearing modest diffidence oppose
 His rash advice, that golden time he chose;
 And while big surges threatened to o'erwhelm
 The ship, ingloriously forsook the helm.

BUT all th' events collected to relate,

Let us his actions recapitulate:

He first assum'd by mean perfidious art
 Those patriot tenets foreign to his heart:
 Next, by his country's fond applauses swell'd,
 Thrust himself forward into power, and held
 The reins, on principles which he alone,
 Grown drunk and wanton with success, could own;
 Betray'd her interest, and abus'd her trust;
 Then deaf to prayers, forsook her in disgust;
 With tragic mummery, and most vile grimace,
 Rode thro' the city with a woful face,
 As in distress, a PATRIOT out of place!
 Insults his generous prince, and in the day
 Of trouble skulks, because he cannot sway!
 In foreign climes embroils him with allies!
 And bids at home the flames of DISCORD rise!

SHE comes! from hell th' exulting fury springs,
 With grim destruction sailing on her wings!
 Around her scream an hundred harpies fell!
 An hundred demons shriek with hideous yell!

From

From where, in mortal venom dipt, on high
 Full-drawn the deadliest shafts of satire fly,
 Where Ch--ch--ll brandishes his clumsy club,
 And W--k--s unloads his excremental tub,
 Down to where En--ck, awkward and unclean,
 Crawls on his native dust, a worm obscene,
 While with unnumber'd wings, from van to rear,
 Myriads of nameless buzzing drones appear,
 From their dark cells the angry insects swarm,
 And every little stinging attempt to arm
 Here *Chaplains* *, *Privileges* *, moulder round,
 And feeble *Scourges* * rot upon the ground:
 Here hungry K--n--ck strives, with fruitless aim,
 With Grub-street slander to extend his name,
 At Bruin flies the flaving, snarling out,
 But only fills his famish'd jaws with surt,
 Here B--ld--in spreads th' assassinating cloak,
 Where lurking rancour gives the secret stroke,

* Certain poems, intended to be very satirical; but, alas! we refer our
 readers to the Reviews.

While

From

While gorg'd with filth, around this senseless block,

A swarm of spider-bards obsequious flock :

While his demure Welch goat with lifted hoof

In *Poets-Corner* hangs each flimsy woof ;

And frisky grown, attempts, with aukward prance,

On wit's gay theatre to bleat and dance.

Here, seiz'd with iliac passion mouthing L--ch,

Too low, alas ! for satire's whip to reach,

From his black entrails, faction's common sewer,

Disgorges all her excremental store.

With equal pity and regret the muse

The thundering storms that rage around her views ;

Impartial views the tides of discord blend,

Where lordly rogues for power and place contend :

Were not her patriot-heart with anguish torn,

Would eye th' opposing chiefs with equal scorn.

Let freedom's deadliest foes for freedom bawl,

Alike to her who govern or who fall !

Aloof she stands, all unconcern'd and mute,

While the rude rabble bellow, " Down with B——."

While villany the scourge of justice bilks,
Howl on, ye ruffians! "Liberty and W——."
Let some soft mummy of a peer, who stains
His rank, some foddren lump of ass's brains,
To that abandon'd wretch his sanction give;
Support his slander, and his wants relieve!
Let the great hydra roar aloud for P—
And power and wisdom all to him submit!
Let proud ambition's sons with heart severe,
Like parricides, their mother's bowels tear!
Sedition her triumphant flag display,
And in embodied ranks her troops array!
While coward-justice, trembling on her seat,
Like a vile slave descends to lick her feet!

NOR here let censure draw her awful blade,
If from her theme the wayward muse has stray'd!
Sometimes th' impetuous torrent, o'er its mounds,
Redundant bursting, swamps th' adjacent grounds;
But rapid, and impatient of delay,
Thro' the deep channel still pursues its way.

Our pilot now retir'd, no pleasure knows,
 But every man and measure to oppose;
 Like Esop's cur, still snarling and perverse,
 Bloated with envy, to mankind a curse,
 No more at council his advice will lend,
 But with all others who advise contend:
 He bids distraction o'er his country blaze,
 Then, swelter'd with revenge, retreats to H——s*:

* After reflecting on the various events by which this extraordinary person is characterized, we cannot resist the temptation of quoting a few anecdotes from Machiavel, relative to a man of a very similar complexion and constitution, who was also distinguished by a train of incidents pretty nearly resembling those we have mentioned above; although he possibly never anticipated the similitude of fortune and character that might happen between him and any of his progeny. Speaking of the government of Florence, our historian informs us, that "Luca Pitt, a bold and resolute man, being now made gonfalonere of justice, * * * having entered upon his office, was very importunate with the people to appoint a balia; but perceiving it was to no purpose, he not only treated those that were members of the council with great insolence, and called them opprobrious names, but threatened them, and soon after put his threats in execution: for having filled the palace with armed men, on the eve of St. Lorenzo in the month of August 1453, he called the people together into the Piazza, and there compelled them by force of arms to do that which they would not so much as hear of before. * * * Pitt had also very rich presents not only from Cosimo and the signiory, but from all the principal citizens, who vied with each other in their generosity to him; so that it was thought he had above twenty thousand ducats given him at that time. After which he became so popular, that the city was no longer governed by Cosimo di Medici, but by Luca Pitt. This inspired him with the vanity, * * * After this he had recourse to very extraordinary means; for he not only extorted more and greater presents from the chief citizens, but also made the commonalty supply him with workmen
 and

Swallows the pension, but aware of blame,
 Transfers the proffer'd peerage to his dame.
 The felon, thus of old, his name to save,
 His pilfer'd mutton to a brother gave.

BUT should some frantic wretch, whom all men know
 To nature and humanity a foe,
 Deaf to the widow's moan and orphan's cry,
 And dead to shame and friendship's social tie;
 Should such a miscreant, at the hour of death,
 To thee his fortunes and domains bequeath;
 With cruel rancour wresting from his heirs
 What nature taught them to expect as theirs;
 Wouldst thou with this detested robber join,
 Their legal wealth to plunder and purloin?
 Forbid it heaven! thou canst not be so base,
 To blast thy name with infamous disgrace!

and artificers." MACHIAVEL's Hist. Florence. This has an unlucky resemblance to a certain great person's driving through the city with borrowed horses, and being offered to have his horses unyoked, and his chariot drawn, by his good friends the mob. We shall, in due time and place, give some account of the fall of Mr. Luca Pitt, and the contempt with which, after some particular events, he was universally regarded.

The

The muse, who wakes, yet triumphs o'er thy hate,
 Dares not so black a thought anticipate!
 By heaven, the muse her ignorance betrays;
 For while a thousand eyes with wonder gaze,
 Tho' gorg'd and glutted with his country's store,
 The vulture pounces on the shining ore;
 In his strong talons grips the golden prey,
 And from the weeping orphan bears away.

THE great, th' alarming deed is yet to come,
 That, big with fate, strikes expectation dumb.
 O! patient injured England, yet unveil
 Thy eyes, and listen to the muse's tale,
 That, true as honour, unadorn'd with art,
 Thy wrongs in fair succession shall impart!

ERE yet the desolating god of war
 Had crush'd pale Europe with his iron car,
 Had shook her shores with terrible alarms,
 And thunder'd o'er the trembling deep, to arms!
 In climes remote beyond the setting sun,
 Beyond th' Atlantic wave, his rage begun.

Alas ! poor country, how with pangs unknown
To Britain, did thy filial bosom groan !
What savage armies did thy realms invade !
Unarm'd, and distant from maternal aid ?
Thy cottages with cruel flames consum'd,
And the sad owner to destruction doom'd ;
Mangled with wounds, with pungent anguish torn,
Or left to perish naked and forlorn !
What carnage reek'd upon thy ruin'd plain !
What infants bled ! what virgins shriek'd in vain !
In every look distraction seem'd to glare,
Each heart was rack'd with horror and despair.
To Albion then, with groans and piercing cries,
America lift up her dying eyes ;
To generous Albion pour'd forth all her pain,
To whom the wretched never wept in vain.
She heard, and instant to relieve her flew,
Her arm the gleaming sword of vengeance drew ;
Far o'er the ocean-wave her voice was known,
That shook the deep abyfs from zone to zone :

She bade the thunder of the battle glow,
And pour'd the storm of lightning on the foe ;
Nor ceas'd, till crown'd with victory complete,
Pale Spain and France lay trembling at her feet *.

* Although our author has no present inclination to enter into political controversy, yet he cannot avoid citing an article from one of the modern dictionaries, which in some measure is connected with this part of his subject, and exhibits a view of the fidelity and gratitude of our fellow-subjects in America.

We are informed, in the article referred to, that a " cartel in the marine is a ship provided in time of war to exchange the prisoners of any two hostile powers ; also to carry any particular request or proposal from the one to the other : for this reason she is particularly commanded to carry no cargo or arms, only a single gun for firing signals.

" Our honest Americans, however, who have so sorely grieved of late for paying a small part of the great taxes of this country, although demanded for their own particular protection, made not only no scruple to disobey and despise this regulation of cartels during the late war, but, on the contrary, gave continual supplies of provisions to our enemies in the West-Indies, and thereby recovered them, and recruited their fallen spirits, at a time when they were gasping under the weight of our arms. With so much address, indeed, did these oppressed and unfortunate traders conduct this scheme, that ten or twelve cartels being laden at the same time with beef, pork, bread, flour, &c. sailed together for the French islands, and, in order to evade the strict examination of our ships of war, were provided with a guardian privateer, equipped by the same expert owners, to seize their own vessels, and direct their course to the places of their first destination ; but if they were examined by our ships of war, to an English port. But this clumsy trick did not long escape the vigilance of our naval-officers, who found that the fellows sent abroad, by way of commanders or prize-masters, were utterly ignorant, and incapable of piloting any ship ; and of consequence only sent to elude their scrutiny.

" The most bare-faced piece of effrontery, however, that was ever committed of this kind, was the seizing an armed vessel, fitted in Philadelphia, to take these illegal cartels. She was commanded by a gentleman, whom the majority of the merchants in that city joined to oppose and distress. They employed
a crew

HER fears dispell'd, and all her foes remov'd,
Her fertile grounds industriously improv'd,

a crew of ruffians, who seized his vessel openly, in the most unwarranted and lawless manner, and brought her up in triumph to the town, when she had only five men aboard: and so inveterate was their hatred to the commander, that he was obliged to leave the country precipitately, as being in danger of his life."

There cannot be a stronger confirmation of the truth of the above account than the following letter of Mr. Pitt.

Copy of a letter from Mr. Secretary Pitt to the several governors and councils in North America, relating to the Flag of Truce Trade.

Gentlemen,

Whitehall, 23 Aug. 1760.

"The commanders of his majesty's forces and fleets in North America and the West Indies have transmitted certain and repeated intelligences of an illegal and most pernicious trade carried on by the king's subjects in North America and the West Indies, as well to the French islands as to the French settlements on the continent in America, and particularly to the rivers Mobile and Mississippi; by which the enemies, to the great reproach and detriment of government, are supplied with provisions and other necessaries; whereby they are principally, if not alone, enabled to sustain and protract this long and expensive war. And it further appearing, that large sums of bullion are sent by the king's subjects to the above places, in return whereof commodities are taken, which interfere with the product of the British colonies themselves, in open contempt of the authority of the mother-country, as well as the most manifest prejudice of the manufactures and trade of Great Britain: In order, therefore, to put the most speedy and effectual stop to such flagitious practices, so utterly subversive of all laws, and so highly repugnant to the well-being of this kingdom:

"It is his majesty's express will and pleasure, that you do forthwith make the strictest and most diligent enquiry into the state of this dangerous and ignominious trade; and that you do use every means in your power to detect and discover persons concerned either as principals or accessaries therein; and that you do take every step authorized by law to bring all such heinous offenders to the most exemplary and condign punishment: and you will, as soon as may be, and from time to time, transmit to me, for the king's information, full and particular accounts of the progress you shall have made in the execution of this his majesty's commands, to the which the king expects that you pay the most exact obedience. And you are further

Her towns with trade, with fleets her harbours crown'd,
 And plenty smiling on her plains around,
 Thus blest with all that commerce could supply,
 America regards with jealous eye,
 And canker'd heart, the PARENT, who so late
 Had snatch'd her gasping from the jaws of fate;
 Who now, with wars for her begun, relax'd,
 With grievous aggravated burdens tax'd,
 Her treasures wasted by a hungry brood
 Of cormorants, that suck her vital blood;
 Who now of *her* demands that tribute due,
 For whom alone th' avenging sword she drew.

SCARCE had America the just request
 Receiv'd, when kindling in her faithless breast,
 Resentment glows, enrag'd sedition burns,
 And lo! the mandate of our laws she spurns!

ther to use your utmost endeavours to trace out and investigate the various artifices and evasions by which the dealers in this iniquitous intercourse find means to cover their criminal proceedings, and to elude the law; in order that from such lights due and timely considerations may be had what farther provision may be necessary to restrain an evil of such extensive and pernicious consequences.

I am, &c."

G

Her

Her secret hate, incapable of shame
 Or gratitude, incenses to a flame,
 Derides our power, bids insurrection rise,
 Insults our honour, and our laws defies;
 O'er all her coasts is heard th' audacious roar,
 " England shall rule America no more."

SOON as on Britain's shore th' alarm was heard,
 Stern indignation in her look appear'd;
 Yet loth to punish, she her scourge withheld
 From her perfidious sons, who thus rebell'd:
 Now stung with anguish, now with rage assail'd,
 Till pity in her soul at last prevail'd,
 Determin'd not to draw her penal steel
 Till fair persuasion made her last appeal.

AND now the great decisive hour drew nigh,
 She on her darling PATRIOT cast her eye;
 His voice like thunder will support her cause,
 Enforce her dictates, and sustain her laws;
 Rich with her spoils, his sanction will dismay,
 And bid th' insurgents tremble and obey.

He comes!—but where, th' amazing theme to hit,
Discover language or ideas fit?
Splay-footed words, that hector, bounce, and swagger,
The sense to puzzle, and the brain to stagger?
Our PATRIOT comes!—with frenzy fir'd, the muse
With allegoric eye his figure views:
Like the grim portress of hell-gate he stands,
Bellona's scourge hangs trembling in his hands!
Around him, fiercer than the ravenous shark,
' A cry of hell-hounds never-ceasing bark!
And lo! th' enormous giant to bedeck,
A golden millstone hangs upon his neck!
On him ambition's vulture darts her claws,
And with voracious rage his liver gnaws.
Our PATRIOT comes!—the buckles of whose shoes
Not Cromwell's self was worthy to unloose.
Repeat his name in thunder to the skies!
Ye hills fall prostrate, and ye vales arise!
Thro' faction's wilderness prepare the way!
Prepare, ye listening senates, to obey!

The

The idol of the mob, behold him stand,
The Alpha and Omega of the land!

METHINKS I hear the bellowing DEMAGOGUE
Dumb-founding declamations disemogue,
Expressions of immeasurable length,
Where pompous jargon fills the place of strength;
Where fulminating, rumbling eloquence,
With loud theatric rage, bombards the sense;
And words, deep-rank'd in horrible array,
Exasperated metaphors convey!
With these auxiliaries, drawn up at large,
He bids enrag'd sedition beat the charge;
From England's sanguine hope his aid withdraws,
And lifts to *guide* in insurrection's cause.
And lo! where, in her sacrilegious hand,
The parricide lifts high her burning brand!
Go, while she yet suspends her impious aim,
With those infernal lungs arouse the flame!
Tho' England merits not her least regard,
Thy friendly voice gold boxes shall reward!

Arise,

Arise, embark ! prepare thy martial car,
 To lead her armies, and provoke the war !
 Rebellion waits, impatient of delay,
 Thy signal her black ensigns to display *.

* * * * *

To thee, whose soul, all steadfast and serene,
 Beholds the tumults that distract our scene ;

• Luca Pitt continued at Florence, presuming upon his late alliance, and the promises which Pietro had made him ; * * * But amongst all the changes that ensued upon this revolution, nothing was more remarkable than the case of Luca Pitti, who soon began to experience the difference betwixt prosperity and adversity, betwixt living in authority and falling into disgrace. His house, which used to be crouded with swarms of followers and dependants, was now as unfrequented as a desert ; and his friends and relations were not only afraid of being seen with him, but durst not even salute him, if they met him in the street ; some of them having been deprived of their honours, others of their estates, and all of them threatened.

The magnificent palaces which he had begun to build were abandoned by the workmen ; the services he had formerly done to any one were requited with injuries and abuse ; and the honours he had conferred, with infamy and taunts. Many who had made him valuable presents, now came to demand them again, as only lent ; and others, who before used to flatter and extol him to the skies, in these circumstances, loaded him with contumely and reproaches of ingratitude and violence. So that he heartily repented, though too late, that he had not followed Nicolo Soderini's advice, and preferred an honourable death to a life of ignominy and contempt. MACH. Hist. Flor.

H

And,

And, in the calmer seats of wisdom plac'd,
 Enjoys the sweets of sentiment and taste:
 To thee, O MARIUS! whom no factions sway,
 Th' impartial muse devotes her honest lay!
 In her fond breast no prostituted aim,
 Nor venal hope, assumes fair friendship's name.
 Sooner shall C——'s feeble meteor-ray,
 That led our foundering DEMAGOGUE astray,
 Darkling to grope and flounce in error's night,
 Eclipse great M——'s strong, meridian light,
 Than shall the change of fortune, time, or place,
 Thy generous friendship in my heart efface!
 O! whether wandering from thy country far,
 And plung'd amid the murdering scenes of war;
 Or in the blest retreat of virtue laid,
 Where contemplation spreads her awful shade;
 If ever to forget thee I have power,
 May heaven desert me at my latest hour!

STILL satire bids my bosom beat to arms,
And throb with irresistible alarms.
Like some full river charg'd with falling showers,
Still o'er my breast her swelling deluge pours.
But rest and silence now, who wait beside,
With their strong flood-gates bar th' impetuous tide.



h
ons

THE DREAM

And thro' with terrible alarm
I felt some fall never changed with falling down
Saw not my breast her swelling being torn
The rest and silence
With their flying feet

